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Fellblood

by quassim

Summary

Robin is haunted by the blood that runs through his veins and believes that he should be alone, so no one else will be corrupted by it.

Notes

the bold italic is Grima

The day was ending, all of the Shepherds weary from the revelations brought by it.
The dragon Grima had been revived, and amongst them sat Robin, a fellblood himself.
Even at dinner the tactician could feel the glances of his companions, some worried, some angry, the children from the future, eyes wide with fear. Each and every one of them weapons sitting within reach.

They don't trust you. You could be rid of them easily.

Aversa approached Robin's seat, shaking him from those dark thoughts, and smirked,"It seems I was right Brother, you are a trusting bunch, but it would seem Ylissians and Plegians are not so far apart. The Grimleal revere you, and the followers of the Exalt fear you. In the end the worshipers of both Naga and Grima are afraid to talk to you."

"But what of you, you stand here and make idle chat despite this." he said, gesturing to the covered mark on his hand.

"Because little man, we are the same, unwelcome amongst this band of misfits. Besides, family has to stick together right?"

"We aren't related at all" he gave a sad smile " It's best if you don't continue this conversation though, people would only assume you are plotting with the fellbood."

Aversa frowned as she walked away, "Don't forgot those 'bonds' between you and the others Robin, being alone will only weaken them..." she smiled, "Some fellbood taught me that."

Robin frowned, ***A fellbood isn't deserving of such bonds though, You know that, no one could love a fellblood***.

The night Robin lay awake thinking of Naga's words, *Grima can only be slain by his own hand.* Chrom would not be happy, but would anyone else mourn, perhaps Aversa and Tharja.

Of course not, you would lose your own life for friends who will rejoice once you are gone and the threat to their peace is no more.
Robin held himself all night saying over and over, "It's not true. It's not true...", in hopes that it would quell the voice of the dragon.

As the sun rose Robin quickly prepared himself for the day that was sure to be trying. He approached Chrom in order to discuss the day's plan.
His face brightened as the tactician approached, but quickly shifted to a frown upon seeing the dark circles under his friend's eyes "Robin, does sleep avoid you so much?"

Robin turned his head to the side, "Chrom, I'm sorry, but since the dragon's revival I have found that sleep is rather unpleasant."
Chrom's frown deepened, "Have you sought the help of someone, I am sure Libra, or Lissa would gladly try and help you to sleep. Let me call one of them over, you can rest for today"

As Chrom moved to find one of the healers Robin's arm shot out to stop Chrom, but froze inches away from grabbing his arm, " I hadn't seen them because no one should have to touch a fellblood..."

The prince's face grew angry "Robin! Fellbood or not, you are our trusted friend, and tactician. I won't have you take your life so lightly."

Robin lowered his face and spoke softly, "My lord, should I sleep I will only fall into Grima's control even more, so for the sake of us all, I beg of you. Do not make me sleep..." Robin's voice cracks, " In my dreams I tear you apart, I rip, I shred, I burn the world.." the tactician looks up at Chrom with tears in his eyes, "...And I enjoy it, I... I enjoy it.. so please... please..."

Chrom made to speak, yet remained silent, he reached out, but stopped short, breaking out into a run in the opposite direction.

You see, your precious bonds are not so strong. Robin grasps at his head, and curls into a ball " Leave me alone, Leave me alone!" ***But you are alone, all your friends cannot bear to be near one such as you.***"Shut up shut up shut up!"

The tactican begins pulling at his hair, until a hand reaches out and a voice shouts, "Robin! You

are not alone. We are here." He glances up and there stands Aversa, behind her Chrom is out of breath, clearly having dragged Libra, Lissa, and Maribelle from where ever they were. Around him stand many of the other Shepherds, all looking at him with sorrow.

"Robin.." Chrom begins... "We should have seen you were in pain... can you ever forgive us?"

Robin looks around at all of his dear friends, the tears openly falling from his eyes, he whispered, "You do not mind that I am a fellblood."
Chrom pulled him into a hug, "Robin, did I not say you were wind at my back and the sword at my side? I'm sorry you ever had to doubt our bonds."

Aversa smiled at patted Robin's head once the prince released him from the hug, she laughed "You see big brother, it is no good to be alone."

"You are right of course Aversa, how could I ever doubt you?"Robin smiled wiping away his tears.

"Must be the fellblood in you" She joked, Robin gave a small laugh, the Shepherds all spoke with Robin in their own time, and that night Robin slept soundly.

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